

## THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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## THE STANDARD

Is the only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge county. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

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## THE STANDARD.

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF DEER LODGE COUNTY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1892.

## LADIES' DAY AT THE POLLS.

The presence of women at the polls is an interesting and admirable feature of the school elections of this state. There are few men so crusty as to object to woman suffrage on these occasions. The theory upon which they are accorded the right to participate in the selection of trustees cannot be successfully attacked. It has been said repeatedly that after the novelty of the thing has worn off, women will not take the trouble to go to the polls unless there be a close and exciting contest. Statistics were printed some time ago showing how rapidly the female vote of Boston has dwindled since the memorable school battle of 1889. Kansas has had a woman suffrage law since 1888, giving the ladies the privilege of voting for all municipal officers, yet it is said that in most places the women have abandoned voting almost entirely.

All this simply demonstrates the fact that the women do not care to vote simply for the sake of taking a hand in politics. To get them to the polls they need the excitement and inspiration of a fight; but that is also true of many male voters. The ladies should ponder the recent remark of a Cornell professor that a man who sells his vote is more respectable than he who doesn't vote at all.

According to at least one Colorado newspaper an exodus from Creede has begun and people are leaving the camp at a faster rate than people ever flocked into it. There has been serious doubt all along as to whether there was anything to warrant the big rush. It is the old story of an over-boomed town, and doubtless there are many to whom the name of Creede will always be a synonym for great expectations that never materialized.

In the matter of mixed politics there are few states that can compare favorably with the territory of Utah. She proposes to send contesting delegations to both national conventions. The liberals have given notice that they will maintain their rights to seats both at Chicago and Minneapolis. Each national committee, it appears, refuses to give the exclusively gentile element a voice in the selection of delegates or even a representative. So there will be contesting delegations and all that. For a section that has to sit still and look on while the rest of the country is electing a president, Utah seems to be going into a severe and rather unnecessary course of training.

## A SUFFERING CITY.

There is a war going up from San Francisco that is calculated to pierce the heavens and set the teeth of all the inhabitants of the celestial regions on edge. It is the same old war with a few rather striking additions and improvements. Besides her grievance against the Southern Pacific railroad, California finds cause for vigorous kicking against the Pacific Mail Steamship company, which, to use the words of one newspaper, "discriminates against San Francisco in fine old common carrier style." It seems that "the San Francisco merchants wish to see San Francisco made a port of distribution for coffee, among other things, and have discovered that it can be shipped from Central American ports to Europe and then back to the United States at a cheaper rate than it can be sent from Central America to San Francisco and thence East." In many other respects it is undoubtedly true that San Francisco is getting the worst of it right along. Seattle, Portland and Tacoma are hurting her trade fearfully. With only one railroad entering her gates, and that railroad controlling the only big steamship line entering her harbor, San Francisco is decidedly in a bad way, and she has just begun fully to realize it. There isn't a finer illustration of the evil effects of monopoly on this continent to-day than is found in the present condition of the Golden Gate.

## THREE STYLES OF GOVERNMENT.

In the April number of one of the magazines appears a striking study of municipal government, three cities of the Middle West, Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul being selected for illustration because they reveal different and contrasting methods in the governing powers. In Chicago the power of the mayor in all departments, except the parks, is supreme. In Minneapolis the mayor is little but a figurehead, and in St. Paul the power of the mayor is divided with the city council.

In regard to the enforcement of the laws, particularly the excise regulations, the writer, Julian Ralph, the journalist, a recent visitor of Butte and Helena by the way, finds that they are most strictly lived up to in Minneapolis, the strong feature of whose municipal government is commissions

composed of the best citizens. In St. Paul many violations are winked at, while in Chicago the mayor has inaugurated the Sunday closing and midnight closing movement against the saloons, which would be little short of farcical were it not for the fact that the absolute power to dismiss any policeman from the force rests with the mayor. This power enables him to claim a degree of success in his effort to enforce the law, but the best results are not attained by this method. In Chicago, however, there is a fearful and wonderful mixture of races, and where such a condition prevails it is much more difficult to preserve law and order than in a town whose people are practically homogeneous.

Mr. Ralph likes the people of the West. He finds that they have both enterprise and forethought. They are willing to expend money if they see an advantage to be derived, as a business man will spend money in the erection of a fine building that will bring a good rental. In the government of the three cities mentioned, the best features have been found in the commissions. The action of the commissioners has been marked with the approval of their fellow citizens, and the works that have grown up under their care have been admired by thousands of strangers. But the writer is careful to make it clear that the secret of success is not in the fact that the management is by commission so much as it is in the fact that the commissioners have been high minded, public spirited citizens, holding office as a trust and an honor, and anxious to give the public the best service in their power. And that is the secret of successful government under all conditions.

Ferdinand Ward, the reckless financier, is again at liberty. He was committed to Sing Sing prison in October, 1889, for a term of ten years, but he has behaved himself as a model prisoner and as a result has the benefit of all the commutation allowed by the laws of New York. The crime of which Ward was convicted consisted in drawing \$70,000 from the Marine National bank on a check upon another bank in which he had nothing on deposit. There are a number of other indictments against him, but it is hardly likely that he will be tried on any of these. It remains to be seen whether Ward's apparent reformation in prison will stay with him out of prison. It is said he has a pot of money hidden away somewhere, and if he has any sense he will withdraw to some secluded spot and pass the remainder of his life in retirement. By no means brutal or degraded, Ward belongs to a very dangerous class of criminals, dangerous in respect to the widespread consequences of their misdeeds. The authorities would do well to keep an eye on him, particularly when he goes within half a mile of a bank.

## THE UNION PACIFIC.

In an article in the New York Tribune on the Union Pacific railroad, Isaac H. Bromley, whose former connection with it made him peculiarly familiar with the affairs of that road, says he is not altogether sure that the stockholders have reason to congratulate themselves on the results of Jay Gould's management. He notes that, while there appears to be a gain of \$1,423,553 in the report covering the operations of the year 1891, there has been a decrease in the amount expended for improvements and equipment. During 1891 there was, says Mr. Bromley, no new construction, no purchases of rails, no new equipment and as little money spent in the road bed, stations, improvements and the like as possible. He adds that "the expense ratio which, in the year 1889 was reported as 60.18 per cent, exclusive of taxes, and, queerly enough in the following year stated for purposes of comparison, to be 61.80, had been run up to 68.16 in 1890 by the cost of letterment and equipment, the purpose of which was to reduce the expense ratio in future below that of 1889. Under the present management it has failed to do this. It will be seen by the December statement that the expense ratio for 1891 was over 65 per cent."

As to these and similar facts brought out by the report, Mr. Bromley says: "It is not impossible that they have been brought about by purely natural causes; that there has been no manipulation of rates, no unnatural diversion of traffic, no queer book-keeping, nothing but straightforward honest management of the property in the interest of its own stockholders. Even if that be all true, the fact remains patent and unmistakable, that the public does not believe it. And this is a case in which the prime factor so far as the future of this great property is concerned is what the public believe. Public confidence is absolutely essential in order to float its securities and put it in a position to pay its debts, earn something on its stocks and be something besides the foot ball of the Street. That confidence is now lacking."

But Mr. Bromley announces that a better time is coming when Sidney Dillon retires from the presidency and is succeeded by Frederick L. Ames. Such a change, the writer says "means much more than would any funding bill or other favorable legislation. It signifies the administration of the company's affairs hereafter upon the basis of a safe, conservative, permanent policy. It will remove the mischievous doubts from the public mind, the existence of which is reflected in the low price in market of Union Pacific securities, as compared with those of other roads whose actual value is no greater. It will not be long before the company will take a position by the side of the great systems of the northwest which have earned

public confidence by careful management and a policy of conservatism and steadiness."

Warden Mack has been discharged from his position in the Idaho penitentiary. While he is kicking over being let out there are scores of other gentlemen in the same institution who would like to be discharged.

Those Wyoming cattle rustlers are liable to join the cordage combine.

New York's permanent circus is probably a concession to the roast peanut element.

"Why did the democrats carry the last city election?" asks the Butte Inter-Mountain. That's easy. For the same reason that white sheep eat more than black ones. There's more of 'em.

Now we may expect to see an agitation started in the East to abolish silver weddings.

The manufacturers of parasols and umbrellas are forming a combination for the purpose of maintaining prices. Jerry Rusk has it in his power to break the combine by keeping his weather eye open.

The Butte newspapers seem disposed to play the county printing quarrel as a counter attraction to the Behring sea dispute.

The Missoula Gazette's democratic principles are plastered a foot thick with republican mortgages.

That lugging match at the pavilion in Butte the other night was of the same friendly character as the discussion in the late third party convention at St. Louis.

Professor Corbett evidently believes that Mitchell is not only no fighter but is also a good fellow to boot.

Ten white men and an Iowa politician have applied to President Harrison for the postmasterhip of a village of two hundred inhabitants.

These are the days when the low notes of the polywag mingle with the deep bass of the croaking frog in the Butte water tank. Spring is here.

## KATE FIELD ON SCANDAL.

She Also Has a Few Words to Say About Idle Women.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser. Miss Kate Field, the talented eddiness, is in town. "No, I did not come up here to meet the Majestic," she said emphatically to a reporter yesterday. "Did all you New Yorkers go to meet the Majestic? They say there were over 50 reporters, and I suppose all the papers were represented. Isn't it a pity that not one paper in New York can afford to leave out this scandal? The demand for such news must indeed be great. But I do not care to talk about such subjects. Poor woman is blamed for everything."

"Women are the cause of all these recent scandals, and I presume you expect me to admit, as a woman and a journalist, that it is the women who cause this immense demand for scandalous literature. But, really, I suppose that the women are as much to blame as the men. You know the old saying that the devil runs an employment agency for the idle. The women are as useless as the men if not more so, and the higher in society we go the worse it grows. A person who is in earnest is a bore. It is the old, old story of empty heads, hollow hearts and marriages without love. The most of these women are not worth the ink that is spilled on them, much less blood. They call Washington the most social city in the United States. The ladies there do nothing but make and receive calls. The senator's wife receives one day, the representative's another, the president's another, and so on. They waste away their lives passing bits of pasteboard. It tends speedily toward softening of the brain. It is mechanical, inane, idiotic. What wonder that a woman sometimes breaks away from such a routine."

"You ask, 'Is there no cure?' It calls to my mind the efforts of a friend to 'raise the drunkard' as she called reforming him. You cannot reform the old drunkard. You can cultivate the coming generation. Let us hope that the future will give us a woman who prefers the freedom of a horseback ride to this inane exchange of cards."

## Drink the Label.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. C. C. Melver, one of the largest wine growers of California, was a guest of the Wellington yesterday. Mr. Melver has a ranch of 600 acres near Mission San Jose, Alameda county, in wine grapes, now in bearing. "Americans, for the most part, are not good judges of wine," says Mr. Melver. "They drink the label, and if it bears a French term it is good. Over 90 per cent. of the California wines used in New York are thought by the consumers to be imported from Europe. An American will decline to purchase a bottle of California wine for 50 cents, and will buy the same article with a foreign label for \$1.50 and pronounce it excellent."

## BUZZING BEES.

Cullum and Blair would make a harmonious ticket. Platform: Toot your own horn.—Boston Herald.

Mr. Flower will go to Chicago. Will it be the Flower that bloometh ora little faded one?—New York Recorder.

In the East there is a strong and growing boom for a ticket headed by Belva Lockwood and Henry W. Blair.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

If it be true that Hill has captured 2,000 seats in the Chicago wigwam the other booms will be compelled to stand up.—Washington Post.

Senator Hill's boom is menaced by a fatal friendship. The spring poets are beginning to dedicate their romances to the bold New Yorker.—Saratoga News.

Senator Cullum is confident now that "the nomination lies between President Harrison and myself." We do not exactly see, however, how that improves his chances.—Springfield Republican.

Henry W. Blair could no longer resist the pressure brought to bear upon him and he has announced himself as a candidate for the presidency. Private Dabell ought to be heard from now.—Birmingham Age.

If Governor Hoies doesn't want to wear his boom in a sling he will have to be scarce himself with the silver people. Inattention will probably be the corner's verdict in the case of the Blair boom.—Detroit Tribune.

It is suspected that the strength of the Indiana delegation in the Chicago convention will be lost and dissipated in a gray mist. Gray will also be missed when the ticket is finally completed.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Senator Palmer of Illinois favors Cleveland for president. But if some fine morning the venerable senator should find the nomination hanging on his front gate it is not improbable that he would have it brought into the house.—Arkansas Gazette.

## POISON IN THE AIR.

It is Generated in the Smoke Which Surrounds Manufacturing Towns. From the Spare Moments.

A new poison has been discovered in the smoke which surrounds factory towns and cities, and the danger from breathing this is not inconsiderable. A part of the smoke that goes into the air from burning coal is arsenious and mixed with carbon. Coal differs in the amount of impure matter which it throws off, but it is estimated that one ton of ordinary coal burns off about 20 to 30 pounds sulphur. This sulphur is transformed into 60 pounds of sulphuric acid, which leaves stains upon all marble buildings and statuary. Along with this sulphuric acid a great amount of arsenious acid goes, and the two breathed into the lungs continually act as a strong poison.

Next to this active poison the soot in the air makes factory towns unhealthy to live in. An examination of the amount of soot which was deposited in London recently showed that, on an average, 1,000 tons were deposited over the city every 10 days. The amount of carbonaceous and other particles deposited upon glass houses is a good indication of what the atmosphere contains. In most cities where factories are located the glass roofs of houses and the window panes have to be washed and swept every few days to keep the soot from blackening them. When all of this material is floating around in the air it cannot be wondered at that weak and poor health are noticeable among the inhabitants. Science has yet to discover means to collect and hold this smoke and soot as it comes out of the chimneys.

## PROMINENT OR PECULIAR.

Herbert Spencer has an intense dislike to eating his meals with or before other people.

Ex-King Milan of Servia is in great request at Parisian weddings to act as witness to the bride.

One of the most successful artists in Paris to-day is Douglas Tilden, California's deaf mute sculptor.

The queen of Greece is the best royal needlewoman in Europe; she cuts out and makes most of her own underclothing.

Isaac S. Dement, the president of the Chicago Stenographer's association, has a record of 300 words a minute, and is said to be the fastest shorthand writer of the day.

The real name of "E. Werner," the German novelist, translations of whose stories are so popular in this country, is Elizabeth Burstenbinder; she is a spinster and lives in Berlin.

General Longstreet, according to the view of a Birmingham reporter, "appears to be in the best of health. His face is rosy and ruddy, set off by his white side whiskers. He is a strikingly handsome man."

The handwriting of Algernon Swinburne, the poet, is a scrawling schoolboy's hand, but his manuscript comes to the printer clear, legible and decided, with scarce an erasure.

Paul du Chailu, the pioneer African traveler, was born in Louisiana; his father was a trader in the French colony of Cambodia, on the West African coast. Young Du Chailu went there as a child, and picked up the language and studied the birds and beasts.

## SPRAYS OF SPRING.

"I wish I was twins," said Willie. "Why?" "I'd send the other half of me to school, and this half would go fishing."—Harper's Bazar.

Should Youth expose her neck and arms In low-cut corsage, scant bedecked; We are content to view her charms; We won't complain; we don't object.

Should Age grow similarly bold, And with too scant attire transgress, We breathe our fears that she'll take cold, And beg she'll wear a higher dress.—Chicago Times.

Tom Noyes—Wonder what's the matter with Bonder; he looks as glum as an owl, and yet I hear he made \$64,000 in Mo. P., last week.

Jim Bullem—I know; he told me this morning that his wife had three dress-makers in the house this week.—Puck.

With downcast eyes and lips devout She kneels to pray across the aisle; Yes, I, poor sinner, can but look And ponder on her charms the while The sunlight falls on her face, She heeds it not, her mind's intent On grave responses, and she dreams Of fasting days, samplings and creams—She's keeping Lent.—Judge.

"Do you know," said Gus de Jay, "I've lost my hat?" "Are you quite sure," responded Miss Popperton, "that it is your hat and not your head?"—Washington Star.

Though I'm a poet of the spring Before no editors I quail, Because I've learned a thing or two And send my rhymes to them by mail.—New York Herald.

The class in meteorology at the University of Texas was up for examination. "Has the mean temperature fallen off during the past three centuries?" asked Professor Stone.

Student—I can't remember anything that happened so far back. I only entered the university last year.—Texas Siftings.

## A COUNTERFEIT FAIR.

We sat in a horse car, 'Twas evening, She had a nickel, I grasped a dime, 'Twixt thumb and finger Her small coin lay, And the terse "Fair, please," Was coming our way.

Oh, but she was dainty! I wished that I Were only the nickel, To snugly lie 'Twixt the white, warm fingers That held it fast, While the quick, tight pulses Went fluttering past.

She might have divined me, I know she smiled, And if not at me, I grasped, beguiled, Was there to have seen it? I caught her eye, And then the conductor Came blundering by.

With a mumbled "Fair, please," And she? Why she Gazed in her coin and He turned to me With the same old warning—The same old rhyme—And I had the nickel And he the dime.

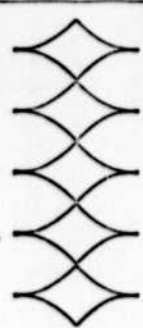
And she? Wasn't it I, But beamed on me As I pressed that nickel In a frenzied glee, 'Twas a fortnight ago that she turned my head Just before I discovered That coin was lead!—Holtz W. Field in Chicago Times.

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